

CONVERTED SKEPTIC BURNS HIS BOOKS.

Sets Fire to His Infidel Works After
He has been Converted
At Revival.

SINGS AS THE FIRE BURNS.

Vincennes Minister Meets With Wonderful Success in Illinois Religious Meeting.

Vincennes, Ind., March 17.—The Rev. P. C. Cauble returned from Olney, Ill., to-day, where he has been preaching for two weeks and relates a remarkable result of his labors.

A man named Dr. T. J. Edwards, who had been skeptic for twenty years and had written many books and magazine articles against the Christian religion, attended the meetings. On hearing the second sermon he was converted and renounced infidelity.

Not only this he collected all his literature on the subject, about \$300 worth, in an immense heap in the road-way, and set fire to it and as the bon-fire consumed the books he sang and rejoiced. It was a most remarkable scene.

The above was sent me with the following letter.

Oakland City, Indiana, March 22, 05.
C. C. Moore.

Dear sir and friend.—Some time ago I sent you my little boy's picture. You said in your remarks in the Blade that so many D's in his name made him look like a Doctor of Divinity. His name is Donald Darwin Daly.

I sent you a clipping from the Evansville Courier, giving an account of Dr. T. J. Edwards of Olney, Illinois, renouncing infidelity, which is certainly very sad, if true.

I hope if there is a Blade subscriber at Olney, Illinois, he or she will take this matter up and see what there is in it, also for the subscriber to watch the board that tries him for insanity, and the religious views of each of them.

I have been waiting ever since our infidel Congress, at St. Louis, for Dr. T. J. Bowles' speech to appear in the Blade. Just put me down for a dollar's worth of the B. G. B's when you publish it.

I notice in the Blade that you have got your eagle eye on Wilkinson, or rather, that you were "laying for" him. Out here, in Indiana, when we spot a man, we say, "setting on" him.

All the same your experience along the line seems to tally with mine.

I have always found that when a person willfully ignores the truth, or ignores justice between man and man, or between neighbors sooner or later he gets the hot end of it. You will, finally see the wronged person standing head and shoulders, above the bull-dozer. I contend that any man or woman who has a remarkable amount of intelligence, feels better when they say, "I don't know there is a God—I don't know there is a heaven," and says "I do know that there is no hell." Won't it soon be time for the Committee to arrange for a place for our next Congress to meet.

Pull for Oakland City, Indiana.—W. C. DALY.

Cases of this kind are continually being reported in the papers, and, like that of Waggoner, in Ohio, are always found to be lies, and I join with Bro. Daly in asking that this one too, be investigated and reported to the Blade.

The story bears on its face the usual marks of a religious lie.

I never heard of any Dr. T. J. Edwards before, and as an infidel editor right here in a state adjoining Indiana it is simply morally impossible that and man who had written "many books and magazine articles against the Christian religion" and living that near to me should be unknown to me.

Why are not some of the names of his books given and the names of some of the magazines for which he wrote?

I have for years exchanged with all the infidel magazines in America, and I do not remember ever to have heard of any Dr. T. J. Edwards, anywhere in the whole world.

Dr. T. J. Bowles, is an infidel, and lives in Muncie, in that same state of Indiana. They are two Dr. T. J.'s and Dr. Bowles never wrote any book in his life, on any subject, and yet there are 100,000 infidels in America who know who Dr. T. J. Bowles is.

If the Christians want to try their hand on converting somebody, let them try it on Dr. T. J. Bowles, and when they make a Christian out of him, this thing will get to be interesting; and yet nobody ever saw a more gentle and placable man than Dr. Bowles, or one who would listen more fairly and dispassionately to any argument that the Christians had to make to him.

Recently the preachers made a concerted effort to convert to Christianity

the Mayor of Philadelphia, and set a time when they were all to meet at a certain place and pray for him.

Of course the liars all knew that it was simply a political trick intended as a means of saying to the Mayor that they would turn the church against him if he did not do as the preachers wanted him to do—have Sunday observance and things like that.

They sent a delegation to ask him to come to their meeting. His answer was that he was "too busy."

They then asked him to listen to the prayers for him, over the telephone, and I suppose some fellow was going to pray into the other end of the telephone. The Associated Press, that reported it, did not say what reply he made to the telephone proposition, but I have never heard of the conversion of that Mayor.

Now, I want them to try this scheme on Dr. T. J. Bowles, that thousands and thousands of us infidels will say is in full fellowship in infidelity, and I will help the preachers to work the racket, by printing the scheme in the Blade, that goes to every state and territory and country in America, and we will all see what there is in this thing of praying, and if preachers believe in the efficiency of prayer, except in cases where there is some political pull in it, now is the time to try it on.

If there is any such a man as Dr. T. J. Edwards, who has taken a prominent part against Christianity, and he is now convinced that in so doing he was wrong, and that Christianity is true, it would be his duty, if he is an honest man, so to inform all infidels publications and try to make all possible reparation for the damage he has done by teaching a great error on the most important thing in the world.

But you will never hear of any Dr. T. J. Edwards who was an infidel author, or infidel of any kind, and the only explanation of this matter is that either the Rev. P. C. Cauble, or the Evansville Courier has lied. Of course they will both, if there is any such fellow as Cauble, hear about, or see, this, for infidels will send them marked copies of this, but you will never hear of any confirmation of this story.

If it were true they could perfectly overwhelm me with evidence of its truth, and, until they do this, it is but fair to assume that this is but one more of the millions and millions of lies that are annually told by preachers, and printed by their newspaper pimps and grafters, who know they are lies, and print them merely to make money by pondering to Christian fools and bigots.

If Edwards had sense enough to write "many books" of any sense against Christianity, he certainly ought to have sense and honor enough to write one for Christianity; but nobody will ever see one, and you won't hear anything more about this until some infidels investigate and report to the Blade, in the usual way, in all such cases, that it is all a lie.

There are 150,000 of the professional religious liars in the pulpits of the United States, and the whole gang will know this is a lie, but, all the same, they take all such cases as this, without investigation, because they don't want to find out the truth, and spout them out on Sundays to catch the idiotic suckers who bite at their baits.

These preacher lies do not have to be plausible or reasonable—just any old thing will do. It does not say whether this "road way" was in the country or in town, and no mention is made of what the police were doing while a fellow was setting fire to an "immense heap" of books, in the streets, and singing and cutting up shines around the bonfire, like a Fee-fee Islander, so glad that he had just captured a fat missionary that he was going to roast whole for dinner.

LEXINGTON MAN WRITES ABOUT THE CROSS.

Lexington, Ky., March 20, 05.
Mr. C. C. Moore.

Dear sir—Published in 1755, Samuel Johnson, in his English Dictionary gives this as one of the definitions under the word "invention"—The Empress Helena in the time of Constantine the Great, being in Jerusalem, was informed that the cross of our Savior was buried in his sepulcher. Upon this she ordered them to dig, when they found the cross and nails, together with the crosses of the two thieves; but the wood upon which the inscription was written being parted from the cross, they could not distinguish our Savior's from the rest until Macarius, Bishop of Jerusalem, put them upon the following expedient. He ordered a dying woman to be brought and placed upon the crosses, two of which gave her no manner of relief, but being set upon the third, she recovered the first moment she touched it. The Empress built a stately church in the place where the

cross was found; where she left some part of the wood richly ornamented, carrying the rest, with the nails, to Constantinople." Johnson, commenting, says: "This story is sufficiently loaded with lying absurdities as to need no confutation."

This is not written for publication, but I send it to you as a pointer. I never saw this statement of the founding of the church, only in Johnson. You have been there and ought to know.—A. T. PARKER

For the full details about the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, I can only refer you to "Dog Fennel in the Orient," the only authentic history of Jerusalem, and Palestine, generally, of which I know. All others known to me, nearly all being written by preachers, are filled with just such lies as that about the resuscitated woman, if we except possibly—and barely possibly—Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad."

Mark Twain tells many lies about that country which to intelligent people who have been there, are evidently intended to be understood as jokes, but those who have not been there cannot tell, all the time, whether or not he is joking.

For instance though his account of the grave of Adam is one of the salient stories of "Innocents Abroad," I had never thought of it as anything but a pure fiction until I actually saw it, in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, about 50 feet from the pretended grave of Jesus.

Mark Twain though now an infidel, and probably so then, would not dare to tell the whole about what he saw lest it might injure the sale of the book.

Without knowing exactly how I got my information, if at all, I am under the impression that the publishers of "Innocents Abroad" overhauled the book so as to make it some less shocking to Christian ignorance and prejudice.

The account of the finding of the cross by St. Helena, the Mother of Constantine the Great, (Scoundrel) is the same that the guides told me, except that I can only recall that a miracle, of some kind, distinguished the cross of Christ from those of the two thieves, without being able to say just what the miracle was, but with a strong impression that it was what Johnson says.

I was so far as I know, the only one of our party of 468 who went down into what looks like a natural cave in the rock, into which the crosses were said to have been thrown, and into which, through a longitudinal hole, Helena is said to have thrown money, all the time the people were digging for the crosses to keep them at work; a story which is preposterous to one who has been down in the hole, that in size would be equal to a room 20 feet square and 10 feet high.

That Jesus was buried in that Church of the Holy Sepulcher does not at all comport with the New Testament account of it, and all the other pretensions about the place are most flagrantly absurd, while that Jesus was crucified (or hanged according to Paul's statement), on Calvary, a small mountain outside of the walls of Jerusalem,—the church of the Holy Sepulcher being near the center of the city—and buried in a tomb in the partly natural and partly artificial wall of a garden, into which the tomb or vault opens, thoroughly comports with the New Testament account of it and is in accord with what is perfectly reasonable to suppose may have occurred there, it being understood, of course, that all the miraculous parts of the story of the death of Jesus have been invented by the same class of liars who have made such stories in connection with the lives and deaths of the founders of other religions.

A WORD ABOUT GOD

Editor Blue Grass Blade.

In your issue of February 12th, Mr. A. C. Fisher presents some thoughts on the God question, and tries hard, by asking questions to show that God is a necessity to explain natural mysteries. But the greatest mystery of which the human mind can conceive is one he leaves untouched, and that is this: "If there is a God, what made him?"

If there is one did he come by chance or create himself, and how could his existence be explained either way. By what power or process would chance work, or how could a non-existent being, another name for nothing, become something with intelligence and power to act. We can wrestle forever with a mystery termed God to account for all other mysteries, or we can try to solve any one of Nature's mysteries without the slightest success. It explains nothing when the declaration is made that God did it, for what is God that he can do things, is the biggest part of the mystery, and if God is omnipotent why is he like us the slave of condi-

tions? Omnipotence is another word for infinite power, and such power should be able to do anything at any time; but God is not, for he cannot produce vegetation only with moisture and heat; he cannot and never has produced any form of life without a certain temperature, and when thermal conditions are absent on the face of this old earth there is nothing doing.

All of Nature's products are dependent on conditions, and time is one of them as well as heat and moisture. An omnipotent God if there is one should not be handicapped by time, but evidently he is, for months are required to produce the physical form of man and beasts. He seems subject to universal laws just the same as we finite creatures are, for invariable laws demand compliance if he does anything and only by confronting to them can he produce vegetation, or forms of sentient life. Nothing takes place in the domain of universal Nature that is not in strict accord with laws that have never shown the slightest mutation; so these laws or modes of motion; are really the arbiters of results. Upon them depends the exercise of force, and a personal God—there can be no other conceived of—has no more to do with infinite force acting in obedience to fixed and stable laws, than I have in producing the rotary movement of this earth or its orbital transit. Force and law are always ready to produce results, but conditions play most important parts. Heat, the only source of force that exists in the universe, will hatch eggs and produce chickens, whether imparted by a setting hen, a manure pile such as the ancient Egyptian used, or a modern incubator.

Heat is the parent of every form of life, the cause of all motion, and the only form of force, power, energy, name it what you will, that ever stirred an atom, or moved a molecule.

Analyze heat and you get to the primal secret of Nature, the cause and the producer of all motion in uncreated and indestructible matter. If you are looking for the God that runs the universe there is where you will find him and nowhere else, but you will never know any more about this first and foremost secret of Nature than you know to-day, for it is enveloped in mystery that nothing can penetrate. Heat is a property of matter, that is all we know or ever can know; so its manifestations are the only things that we can observe or study.

All philosophy that goes back of heat as a universal force will result in wasted time and futile efforts, for there is the stopping place for human investigations. There we encounter the unknowable, and butt up against the impossible, for we have struck the Great First Cause if there ever was any in a beginningless eternity. Take heat out of the universe and you kill not only Fisher's God, but every other kind from the anthropomorphic Jehovah to the pantheistic product of Lyman Abbott. Having found the force that animates the universe and insures the "procession of the planets," we can proceed to investigate it as far as our senses will permit, but that is not far, for while we watch the changes it produces in molecular formations, we know absolutely nothing as to heat itself. Whether it has intelligence, and designs all its formations, or forever keeps busy in accordance with the inherent principles of matter, may be interesting queries to cogitate upon, but cogitation settles nothing, and all that mortal man can ever know is that, the marvelous works of Nature are produced through the mysterious action of heat. If any one wishes to "monkey" with the imagination and to theorize with baseless fancies behind this ultimate fact accessible to human knowledge, the privilege is open to do so without restrictions, but as facts alone have value few will care to thus waste their time. Nothing has rested so heavily on the intellect of mankind and had so great an influence in retarding the progress of the race as the God idea. False conceptions of life, and its duties have sprung from that idea and driven men into states of foolishness, where no absurdity was too great to believe and influence their lives. The God idea is the basis of theology, the foundation of religion and the parent of countless superstitions. It has prevented reason, made fools and slaves of men and prevented rational investigation in the realms of Nature. It is the most senseless idea on which mortal man ever wasted his time, and this assertion as proven by the fact was not even able to define his idea of God, so as to make it intelligible to any one else, since the Jewish conception was discarded of a prodigious being in human form. And when that idea was held reason was stupefied by it. There was never an idea of God worth holding for an instant, for each and all have been the product of the imag-

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ination; hence totally valueless and perfectly absurd. The visible works of Nature are the proper study for mankind and in them we see neither design nor purpose, but merely adaptation as cause and effect alternate in their perpetual play with molecules moving in response to the power of heat. The words of Zeno cannot be repeated too often, so here they go again: "There is no God but Nature, no destiny but fate."

Fate is another name for conditions. Conditions insured our entrance into life; they control us at all times, and will eventually cause our exit. While they permit, let us make the most of life, and if we take advantage of conditions from day to day, we are doing all an man can do to attain success. Gods that do not exist are powerless to help or hurt us, and he who pins faith to any or believes that design and purpose are forces in or behind Nature, cherishes a delusion and fools himself with an erroneous idea.

CHANNING SEVERANCE.

STATISTICS

Of Prisons and Lunatic Asylums
Show the Bad Effects of Christianity.

Pasadena, Calif., March 11, 05.
Brothers Moore and Hughes.

I read in a recent issue of the Blade, a short letter from Dr. A. W. Foreman, of White Hall, Illinois, asking for prison statistics he was going to deliver in a short lecture.

I wrote to Dr. Foreman telling him how and where to get prison and asylum statistics, and received a very interesting letter, thanking me for the "valuable information."

My object in writing this letter, is to inform the Blade readers how and where to get these. There is no weapon so valuable to infidels as these statistics. They are so overwhelming against the churches that any average man or woman, can use them effectively. They show, thoroughly, that the churches cannot show the moral fruits of their teachings. If as large a percentage of convicts were furnished by the infidel ranks as is furnished by the churches, every pulpit would hand them to its hearers at every opportunity, and carry them in their pockets, to harass infidels to death with. I have nearly 8,000 pages of such statistics in my house, that I have collected in the last thirty years. They are my weapons with which to fight Christianity.

Each person is entitled by law, to all reports of all public institutions of his state. In sending to other states

I would suggest to send ten cent stamp. That will insure the coming of the report.

Send to the Warden of the penitentiary, he is always a preacher, and always makes the part of the report you want. If he lies in making the report that is not our fault.

Send to the Superintendent of the asylum, or hospital.

The reports of the insane asylums are almost as interesting as those of the prisons, for they show almost as many insane from religion as from liquor, and a much smaller percent of recoveries. A religious craze is the most dangerous craze they have to deal with.

If the readers of the Blade generally, will collect these statistics and use them, I believe it will help largely, to increase its circulation.—E. LEWIS.

P. S.—The club of five, I sent you, nearly a year ago, want to know when their time is up; they want to renew. I have hopes of some more subscribers soon, if I can get time to attend to the matter.

Warden Coffin, of the Ohio penitentiary was not a preacher, by considerable odds.

CARD PLAYING AND DANCING.

Le Sueur is Not to Be Converted From Its Sinful Ways.

Le Sueur, Minn., March 3.—Last night was the culminating moment of the evangelist meetings which have been held here for over two weeks, for it was the time when Evangelist Johnson had promised to deliver the final blow to cards and dancing, and to drive every pack of cards out of town.

An audience of about five hundred people filled the opera house to its utmost extent, crowding the lobby to the sidewalk and taking up the space behind the scenes on the stage. For two full hours the speaker portrayed the horrors of the allied methods of sinning, and tried to show his hearers how card-playing and dancing lead down to destruction, but, when the lecture was ended, and he called for converts to come forward and give him their pledge to abstinence in the future, not one came.

About fifty people who had never played cards or danced came forward and added another vow to the settled principles, but not a convert moved forward from the hundreds that confronted the speaker.

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